

# Emancipation

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## REAGAN DECLARES WAR ON EL SALVADOR...

Bored "scholars" will be able to wile away their time debating: "When did Americans begin their war on the people of El Salvador?" Was it when Reagan increased the "advisers" from 20 to 50? When arms shipments from America's corporate profiteers to the murderers in the junta went from 20 million to 50 million? When Carter, in his last cowardly act as president, resumed the military shipments? 50 years or 100 years ago when indigenous farmers were robbed of their small plots of land so that large coffee and cotton plantations could be created on which those farmers would be worked as slaves?

Well, in truth, to the indigenous people of what is now called "Central America", war began with the deprivations of the conquistadors and has never ceased. To many of us it seems that, perhaps, the final struggle has begun. We trust that, all red-baiting aside, you will know on which side you stand. And we hope that you will move quickly and decisively in resistance to America's war-makers.

For honest, accurate information about what is going on in El Salvador and the areas surrounding it, you may want to subscribe to the bi-weekly newsletter, El Salvador Alert, published by CISPES (Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador), Box 12056, D.C. 20005, or call 202-887-5019.

## ...AND THE POOR



RESISTANCE NO V:

The Plowshares Eight - see page 4  
The Community for Creative Non-Violence - see page 5



## And How Was Your Winter?

Local police report 15 persons were found dead from exposure to the cold this winter in D.C.

Hospital officials unofficially estimate that local exposure-related deaths here exceed 200 since early December.

Approximately 10,000 local people are now living on the street, occupying abandoned buildings or using "public" sleep areas. To help in changing this inhumane condition a group of activists have formed Workers for a United World, and have maintained a live-in since mid-January on the sidewalk just to the east of the District Building on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Their proposals for dealing with this crisis of the homeless include:

- 1- Establish a post of Housing Ombudsman.
- 2- Use the power of eminent domain

to acquire housing for the homeless.

3- Transfer to the poor on terms, at cost, property the city now holds which is suitable as housing.

4- Call a moratorium on evictions.

5- Provide 24-hour-a-day access to shelters.

6- Rewrite the law of adverse possession to give color of title to squatters to assist residents.

7- Utilize the Housing Emergency Assistance Act for shelter residents to provide acquisitions of real property.

8- Make inventory data of city-owned property a matter of public record.

If you wish to support the effort of Workers for a United World contact the group at 4718 Brandywine St. NW, Wash., D.C. 20016 (202-363-0142). Help to build a community for caring, sharing and daring by your action.

Mingo

## BONGS or BUST?

As I contemplate the idea of never being able to buy a bong, if the mood moves me, or rolling papers at the local headshop within the next decade, I wonder what all this fuss is about paraphernalia. I mean, why all of a sudden are people, especially Marion Barry, starting to freak out about the use of "paraphernalia"? "What's the scoop?" asks a prominent newspaper writer. "Who knows," I reply.

After this reply, I gave it much thought. I read all the headlines, all the crap written in Barry's defense. But, I still am unsure what is actually going on. So, I turned to our neighboring county of Prince George's and take a look at what they've been up to...and, it's just about the same thing--wonderful laws prohibiting the sale and use of paraphernalia. But what the hell, P.G. county would ban the baby Jesus from the manger if there wasn't any room. Ah, it all comes back to me now. Mayor Barry is shaking in his boots over the present situation in this old nuke habitation we call home. The conservatives have moved in--it was out with the Carter regime, and in with the Bonzo regime. In this transient home, the conservative politician wins by a long shot. Who wants a city full of bongs when the fun-loving, million dollar drinking crowd can't be seen in the streets with a drink. It all seems logical now. It's re-election time. We got the hostages home in time for four books to come out, why not wipe out paraphernalia in the same era? Why indeed? No time for dancing or lovey-dovey; he ain't got time for that now...

It's as if Carrie Nation appeared in a prohibition-like dream in one of Barry's nightmare's, screaming, "Remember the Alamo! Wipe out paraphernalia before it wipes you out!" Only, it's not an axe that will tear down headshops. At least not a physical axe; it's a mental axe that will stop a "head".

This straight-down-the-line political stance that Barry is taking on paraphernalia falls right into place--and I do mean "right" into place. Barry is caught between a bong and a re-election--not to be confused with a rock and a hard place, a beloved phrase that no one quite understands (come to think of it, it's very appropriate in this case). Barry is caught between, on the right, the Reagan constituency, and on the left, the screaming banshees in the marketplace. We all know that the right is filled with young republicans following in their fathers' footsteps which only leads us to believe that there are no young republicans except in Montclair, New Jersey where they lurk in clean well lighted places in dark blue suits. But what does the law really do? If anything, it'll bring out the black market with paraphernalia at outrageous prices. I thought the economy needed things like bongs and pipes to keep it going. God knows it doesn't keep going from diaper sales.

So, where does it go from here? Barry outlaws paraphernalia, the black market opens, and I tell my kids that bongs were a sign of the 80's child but were banned in D.C. like Randy Newman's song "Short People" was banned in Boston, only it's not the same thing.

Hmm. That's interesting. But, what happens to the college co-ed doing up a bong in the privacy of his 9 by 12? Will cops have to be in "hot pursuit" to catch someone getting high on his U.S. bong? What's more American than apple pie, getting high, and U.S. bongs? Doesn't seem likely that those of us who own paraphernalia are going to throw our pipes into the garbage just because Barry wants to be re-elected.

The answer to many questions are not answered in this column. All I know is what I hear. And all I hear is someone trying to take away my human rights by not allowing me to choose how to get high.

I paid my dues to sing the blues and Barry should too...

--A DOPE FIEND



GERMAN  
ANARCHISTS  
BEAT  
MONDAY  
BLUES

"The thing is going faster than chips of hash." That's how one operator of an alternative bookstore in Germany describes the new 100 page guide titled "The Way to Knowledge and Well-Being, or better a sick holiday than a healthy work day." Authored by "Dr. Marie Huana, Dr. A. Narcho, and Mr. Kiff-Turner", the guide offers "tips and tricks against doctor and cashier" as "help in climbing out of the sickening routine of late-capitalism." Simply stated in American terms, it is the healthy worker's guide to collecting disability.

Despite its obvious spiritual affinities, the work owes little to anarchism or Marxism, though the authors regularly cite Marx' son in law, Paul Lafargue, the last man on the barricades in the Paris Commune and preacher of the "right to laziness". Its theme is simple. "Four weeks a year are just too little vacation ... Be healthy enough to make yourself sick before you become ill. Then you have time for living and reflection."

Normally, examinations in a company infirmary take about half an hour, too short a time to make a thorough diagnosis. This is to the advantage of the worker. One need only exhibit a few vague symptoms. With good acting and consistency, you can soon be enjoying time off with pay. Several key points must be remembered concerning one's conduct with the doctor, however. One must avoid the image of shirker, swindler, or faker. That is, one must appear well-groomed, wide awake, and eager to work. Once you're branded a fake in their records, you've seen your last check. Furthermore, never say the diagnosis yourself. It merely threatens their professional pride and arouses their suspicions. You may not be able to "play" said malady well enough. Just agree with their diagnosis and cash your checks; if more serious testing or treatment is suggested, you can always "recover".

For example, the authors warn against over-acting an injury to the neck vertebrae. "If you have no muscular tension and your X-ray is also in order, I would rather back out and become ready for work quickly . . . If you have it frequently, they may get the notion to tap into your spinal canal."

For the show-off sickies, Dr. A. Narcho and crew explain what faking a bladder infection entails:

- How long sick? From one to four weeks.
- Who gets sick? Almost everyone . . . people who run around outside with a cold, or after a long swim in a cold river.
- What do you describe? Burning pee-pee, and also shortly thereafter. Further, you've got to go to the toilet frequently, certainly 10 times a day.
- So, what does our little medicine man do now? Presumably just knock on the back, on the kidneys. Here it mustn't hurt . . .
- When you're supposed to bring a urine sample from home, don't take it fresh from the morning, but rather from the previous afternoon, that you warmed up a little. Eventually you can add a tiny drop of blood to it.
- What does the diagnosis computer think? If you didn't go about it too stupidly, they've got to think it's a bladder infection.
- Beware of the doctor!!! Don't allow X-rays, tapping the bladder, or catheterization.

Unnecessary antibiotics and other medications supplied by the company infirmary or health plan can be donated to Third World guerillas, who often have trouble obtaining needed supplies, or to your local free clinic. Those who feel guilt about collecting sick pay can give a part of it to a needy radical bookstore, publication, clinic, or free school in their neighborhood.

Anyone who is sick of working will find this book to be an invaluable tool. It is our hope to have an English edition out within a year. Meanwhile, readers are urged to share their experiences by writing in care of this newspaper. Suggestions from professionals in the health care field are especially welcomed. Until later, then, relax.

Ernst Staatsfeind



# RESISTANCE

## PLOWSHARES EIGHT

" . . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares." Isaiah

How many anarchists take their anarchy seriously? How many Christians their Christianity?

Feb. 23rd thru March 6th in Norristown, Pa. was the scene of a trial (and great victory) for eight folks who, on Sept. 9th this past year, entered a G.E. factory (in King of Prussia, north of Philly) and with hammers damaged two nuclear warhead nose-cones designed for use on Mark 12A first-strike missiles, and also poured their own blood on blueprints and tools. The unrepentant, impassioned Eight are:

Daniel Berrigan, 60, priest, poet, chaplain at Saint Rose's Hospital for the terminally ill in NYC, who has been arrested repeatedly for acts of resistance to injustice, from Vietnam war days thru the present.

Philip Berrigan, 57, a priest (though not of "official" status since his union with peace activist Elizabeth McAlister and the birth of their two children, now ages 5 & 6), member of Jonah House, author, also arrested repeatedly.

Dean Hammer, 26, graduate of Yale Divinity School, worked as chaplain at the Connecticut Mental Health Center,



Anne Montgomery and Dan Berrigan

co-founder of New Haven's Covenant Peace Community, jailed repeatedly for resistance to war.

Carl Kabat, 47, priest, former missionary (in the Philippines and Brazil), also a member of Baltimore's Jonah House, jailed for resistance at the White House and Pentagon.

Elmer Maas, 45, composer, writer, poverty worker, college professor of music and philosophy, member of Kairos Peace Community in NYC, arrested repeatedly.

Anne Montgomery, 54, member of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, teacher who works with children with learning disabilities in East Harlem, member of Aletheia Community in NYC.

Molly Rush, 45, director of the Thomas Merton Center, a ministry for peace and justice in Pittsburg, arrested before at Rockwell International, mother of six children from 12 to 25.

John Schuchardt, 41, a criminal defense lawyer who has often performed civil disobedience, member of Jonah House, father of three children.

Atlantic Life Community organized excellent support for these Eight; the time of trial became a "Festival of Hope". Each night we supporters gathered with the Eight for reports on the "progress" of the trial, for music, dance, poetry, for speakers including Kay Camp (of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom) and Daniel Ellsberg (of the Pentagon Papers and on), for sharing the joy that somehow survives amidst tribulation.

Early in the trial it became obvious that (as Dan Berrigan said) Judge Samuel Salus was "out of his depth". He could neither seem to grasp the message of the "defendants" (who, more accurately, kept Salus and G.E. on the "defense" throughout the trial) nor to control the flow of events. (An article in the local paper was recommending the removal of Salus from his bench due to incompetence shown at a recent trial of a gynecologist who had raped three patients; Salus had remained in passive complicity as attorneys for the rapist badgered the women about their past sex lives, etc.)

In order to be able to speak, the Eight defended themselves with advice from attorneys Michael Shields, Charles Glackin, and former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark. Salus immediately denied Schuchardt's request that (on grounds of

continued on 6...



# ICE NOW!



## REAGAN Vs. POOR

Born in opposition to those Americans who were making war on the people of Vietnam, the Community for Creative Non-Violence has, for the past few years, focused on the needs of Washington's most desperately poor and downtrodden. Each evening 500 folks come off the streets for the hot meal that the CCNV provides from that which they are able to harvest from our society's left-overs. The CCNV has also been deeply, passionately involved in a struggle to find shelter for these, now helpless, many of whom freeze to death each winter here in the capital of the "richest" nation on earth.

A few days before Reagan's speech announcing his budget cuts, his redistribution of the wealth wherein money was to be taken from the poorest and given to the richest, members of the CCNV discussed the sad fact that no one seemed prepared to speak or act effectively against this outrage. And so some of them decided to enter the White House to pour their blood on pristine columns, to remind us of the blood of the innocent that Reagan was preparing to sacrifice.

Reagan closed his new house that morning after his speech, perhaps to close out the CCNV, but stating that visitors might interfere with his breakfast for 200. (How many of these 200 would be among the 500 who would eat at the CCNV this night? And how different would be their fare?)

Undeterred, the CCNV went to the White House on Feb. 19th, poured their blood on columns along the street, and held (if only for a few moments) a banner across Pennsylvania Ave:

YOU MUST NOT SACRIFICE THE POOR

Seven were arrested by police who seemed enraged, unnecessarily rough, blind to the meaning of the act. Those who had blocked Pennsylvania Avenue were put in D.C. Jail for 10 days. (Have you checked out conditions in the jail lately?) Of those who threw blood, Rodger Ludwig was sentenced to one month, Judy Mason to two months, and Harold Moss to eight months. Harold is black and closer to the age of also black William Thompson who sentenced them. Some have surmised that in Harold Judge Thompson was sensing something of his own failure to grow toward fullness and love.

Roger (serial #200-235), Judy (# 200-232), and Harold (#192-091) would appreciate hearing from you at

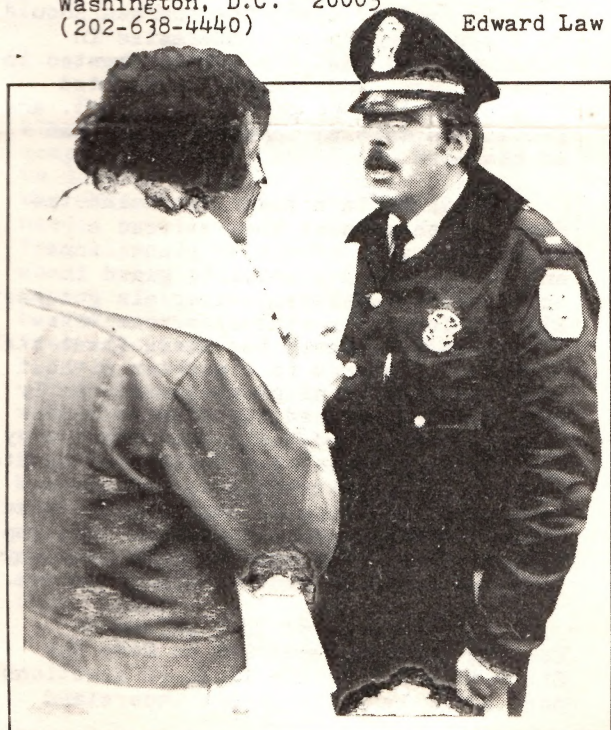
D.C. Jail 1901 D St. SE  
Washington, D.C. 20003

(As this goes to press Harold enters the 24th day of a protest fast during which he has had only water.)

If you can support in any way the work of the CCNV in trying to feed and shelter some of D.C.'s most mistreated, get in touch with them at:

906 12th St. NW  
Washington, D.C. 20005  
(202-638-4440)

Edward Law





# WASHINGTON BABYLON

My comrade in Babylon escapes me now. I am seated on a low altar and I don't eat peppermint patties. At least not in public anyway. But there's a rumor going around that Trixie and I are going in-cognito these days, floundering with the filmmakers of the 60's who think we're dolls of the 80's. Well, let's clear up the rumors and put the bread and butter on the table. We got an agent you see. A woody allen type who takes pleasure in dropping all his coins on the floor. He came to us from an ad in a paper. We gave up on the village voice after we couldn't figure out what a WMNSMWPLZ was. Why don't they print their codes anyway? So, after reading this ad, Trixie, being the aggressive business woman that she isn't, called an infamous number--too infamous to print. But infamous enough to put on a bathroom wall. Our soon-to-be-a motion picture manager spoke in forked tongue of many things, of painted walls and costume halls only to invite us further.

With an address in hand, we plunder the heat of the city to find that we had plundered ourselves into the wrong side of town. Not to worry, though, my mean machine makes record time and allows us to be fashionably late in all circumstances. As we appear on the scene, we scan the neighborhood for shady looking dudes only to find a rather wimpy sort in bermuda shorts and socks feebly opening a door and leading us upstairs to a small and typically unquaint room. By our estimations, a mere 6 by 6. Seated by the bed and squatting on the floor we made ourselves as uncomfortable as possible not to lead our fearless agent astray by looking too willing or too anything. We were

traveling filmmakers looking for a place to thread our wares. With the silver screen and projector in hand we made our way through the how-do-you-dos rather quickly. Ratso would have been proud of us--we were true "eager beavers."

What perhaps should be mentioned here is that not only was the room a wonderfully comfortable 6 by 6 (a room that should only be inhabited by small furry animals), but it also is decorated in early nothing--ie, the good book and a postcard of the lincoln memorial.

But things never got too weird for these women about town. We are even women on the go at various times, and no one ever keeps up with us--not even us. Anyway, we passed the first interview with dazzling delight, coming off like the beautifully bejeweled filmmakers that we are. And then comes sunday a day that I was told was a day of rest. Never on sunday the greeks or rather geeks used to yell. Sunday is a big day in the movie biz. Seated on a red square we listened intently and spaced intensely to the words of some grand wizard who avoided questions like VD on his perch of red carpet. We chatted with a photog about the true dirt of the organization and wondered if it all was really for real. Everyone talked about their children who weren't present and the millions they were going to make to bet them back. Our heads were straight on and we left no trail. But our party was a good one. You got to take the good with the bad even if a few ugly ones tag along. Because as someone said, "Hollywood is where people go to die." Well, where's the sandbox baby, these kats gotta go...

--TRIXIE AND FLO

FLOWSHARES EIGHT -- continued from page 4

the Nuremberg Principles, U.N. resolutions against nuclear weapons, and the Kellogg-Briande Pact of 1928) the charges should be dropped. "I'm not interested in international law, I'm not interested in great powers, and I'm not interested in philosophy," Salus declared . . . and proved (in this at least) to be a man of his word.

The Eight have never concealed the facts of this case: they entered a restricted area of a G.E. plant; Anne and Carl engaged a security guard in conversation while the other six got past him and found (by chance) a room where completed nose-cones for these first-strike missiles (designed to slaughter without warning millions of people) were neatly packed; they smashed two of such with hammers and poured their blood; and they circled in prayer-for-life as they awaited arrest. Salus attempted to stop here, narrowing the scope of the trial to "facts", while the Eight (though held in "contempt" for doing so) attempted to deal with why they had acted to protect life on earth.

After a week of jury selection (during which Salus tried to keep the Eight from asking the kinds of questions that would help the jurors understand

what was happening, and during which the court was cleared in order to keep "spectators" from "contaminating" the jury), the opening statements really told it all. The D.A.'s presentation of charges, including one of assault against the guard, was pure . . . well, let's be kind . . . showmanship. Anne Montgomery's plea for life and love was that of a deeply committed person. (Remember how Nixon looked? Insincerity is usually pretty obvious to those who are willing to see.)

The ensuing struggle to keep the jurors from hearing what the Eight had to say (including Salus' decision not to allow any expert witness brought by the Eight) succeeded to a point. The jury was unable to bring itself to the point of judging the Eight innocent of crime, instead narrowing itself (as instructed by the judge/authority-figure) to a decision as to whether the Eight had indeed destroyed G.E. property. That they were unable to help the jurors liberate themselves from this restriction was, I think, the only disappointment to the Eight. As it was they succeeded to a remarkable degree; the jury found them innocent of five of the eight charges (including the one of assault), and many of the jurors from this most conservative county of Pennsylvania shed tears at what they felt was their duty to obey the judge's instructions.



Meanwhile, outside the courthouse, as many as 100 supporters kept a vigil these two weeks, greeting the Eight as they came and went, spending the evenings with them in mutual learning and support, and dealing with county sheriffs and Norristown police over other matters of freedom and justice such as where we should be able to stand, leaflet, sing, etc. The first three days we felt we had pretty well established our territory with the sheriffs who had jurisdiction over courthouse property. But the fourth day, Norristown police arrived with a new obsession about keeping the sidewalk clear. Shortly after noon a priest stopped to answer a question; when told (rudely) to move on, he said, "O.K." and turned to finish his sentence, whereupon he was thrown against a squad car, frisked roughly, then thrown into the car.

John Schuchardt, emerging from his morning in court, witnessed the illegal arrest with the rest of us, and, without hesitation, John hurled himself prone in front of the squad car to keep the priest from being carried off. Many of us also rushed to intervene, and the police (apparently unused to and unprepared for any defiance of their authority) lost control. A half-hour later ten folks (including two of the Eight, John & Elmer, as well as two members of our Emancipation collective) were locked in the Norristown jail.

Immediately realizing the publicity potential this might create ... (By the way, friends, how much of this story has found its way past Reagan-era censorship and into your local newspaper?) ... a "higher-up" was at the jail within the hour with instructions to release us as quickly and quietly as possible. (We are wondering: Was the entire incident staged to make us look "violent" in the eyes of this town from which the jury was being drawn? In police violence against non-violent people the public is often unable to decide who is doing what to whom.) Back on the courthouse steps and in future daily vigils at the scene of G.E.'s crimes we were not harassed.

But, inside the court, the same attempts to stifle dissent prevailed. On the next to last morning of the trial, Elmer was speaking in his and his friends' defense; when Salus denied him the right to discuss the implications of the trials of Nuremberg (so obviously pertinent to this case; can we, after all, stand by and watch crimes of such magnitude against humanity without acting?), Elmer left the stand and refused to answer the prosecutor's questions. In fact, this noontime, he and three others came out to the G.E. vigil and didn't bother to return for the afternoon session of court ... until police came to drag them back.

On the last day, when Salus began to "instruct" the jury, the Plowshares Eight rose and turned their backs to the judge; spontaneously, humming Cumbaya, the crowd (including many reporters) rose and turned in solidarity its back too. The court was cleared; the Eight again were held in contempt; and, when the lawyers walked out, they were held in contempt too.

That evening, waiting for the jury's decision, we gathered with the Eight at a nearby church to share feelings about the events of the past weeks, our hopes and plans for the future, etc. Agreement was general that great victories have been won by the Plowshares Eight and that we need, in many different ways, to build on these victories. Around 8:30 we were told that the jury was returning with its verdict.

We hundred walked back together to court, and filled the hall leading to the courtroom where Salus waited, insisting that the public (after the day's hummed disrespect) would not be allowed into court. The clerk came to the Eight who were surrounded by their supporters, and said, "Gentlemen," (?) "you are wanted in court." "We will come when the people are allowed in." "Does this mean that you refuse to come?" "No, it means that we will come when the people come." Exit, clerk. Pause, nervous pause, for the police, who began to finger their clubs. Re-enter, clerk, calling out the names of the Eight, one by one, ordering them to appear. Not one budged. Exit, clerk. And Salus backed down and let the people in.

The power of the "establishment" over us is strictly a figment of our imagination. United in defiance of injustice, uncompromising, we do and shall overcome.

And what now, for the Eight, who face the possibility of up to 60 years in prison? The "State" and its minion Salus must make a difficult decision. And they are in no hurry to do so. Refusing bond and being held (between "crime" and day in court) four of the Eight were so effective in organizing prisoners that the "State" kicked them out of jail! Among Native Americans and Blacks, such trouble-makers are routinely killed in jail by the authorities. But fame and the vigilance of a large and powerful community is likely to protect the Eight from this. And so, the oppressors must decide. Where can these Eight be put where they will be least disruptive to the "peace" of society? It is a dilemma to which, happily, they will find no solution.

Edward Law



THE PLOWSHARES EIGHT



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ANALYSIS



*Box 1114-61*

- March 22 thru March 24: Hunger strike protesting U.S. involvement in El Salvador, held at the State Department...
- March 24: March & Service to mark the anniversary of Archbishop Romero's assassination for his stand against U.S. involvement in El Salvador...
- March 28: Shut Down TMI Permanently! Rally in Harrisburg, PA...
- May 1: MAY DAY. Rock for Freedom Concert, Fort Reno Park. Sponsored by Frontline & this paper. Call Thumper (882-6987) after 6 pm for information...
- May 3: NO DRAFT, NO WAR. National March on the Pentagon called by CARD...
- May 10: Mother's Day. Women's Pentagon Action...

HEY FOLKS!

Cut here and mail in! Whassa matter? Lost yer scissors? Use yer TEETH! 40-48

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Hey Scott put the mailing address in, ok!

A.A.O.T.A.